

THE SMOKER'S GARLAND

Part III.



Printed and Published
at the Office of

"COPE'S TOBACCO PLANT,"

Lord Nelson Street,

Liverpool. 1889

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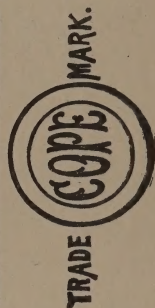
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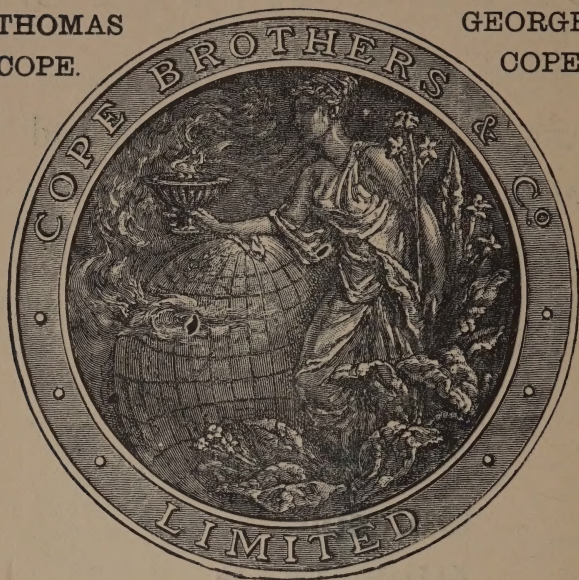
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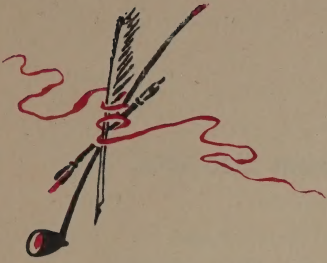
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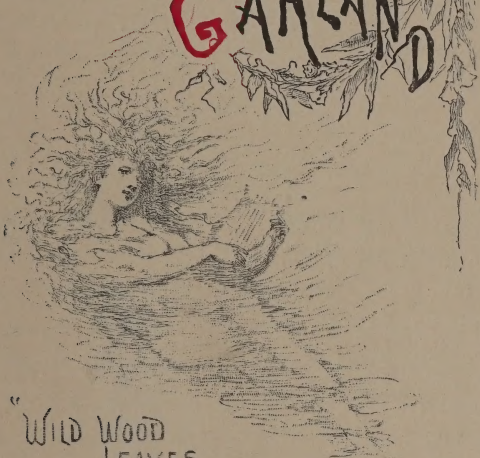
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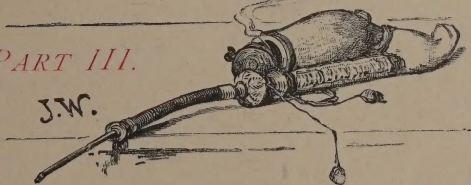
THE SMOKER'S GARLAND



"WILD WOOD
LEAVES
AND WEEDS"

PART III.

J.W.



LIVERPOOL:

AT THE OFFICE OF "COPE'S TOBACCO PLANT."

1890.

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VIRGINIA'S KINGLY PLANT.

BY AN "OLD SALT."

O H muse ! grant me the power
 (I have the will) to sing
 How oft in lonely hour,
 When storms would round me lower,
 Tobacco's proved a King !

Philanthropists, no doubt
 With good intentions ripe,
 Their dogmas may put out
 And arrogantly shout
 The evils of the pipe.

Kind moralists, with tracts,
 Opinions fine may show;
 Produce a thousand facts—
 How ill tobacco acts
 Man's system to o'erthrow.

Learn'd doctors have employed
 Much patience, time and skill,
 To prove tobacco cloyed
 With acrid alkaloid,
 With power the nerves to kill.

E'en Popes have curst the plant* ;
 Kings bade its use to cease ;
 But all the Pontiff's rant
 And Royal Jamie's cant
 Ne'er made its use decrease.

* URBAN VIII. was so devoid of *urbanity* that he cursed the plant ; Pope INNOCENT II. was *guilty* of a like absurdity ; and King James forbade its use altogether.

Teetotallers may stamp
And roar at pipes and beer ;
But place them in a swamp,
When nights are dark and damp—
Their tunes would change, I fear.

No advocate am I
Of excess in one or t'other,
And ne'er essayed to try
In wine to drown a sigh,
Or a single care to smother.

Yet, in moderation pure,
A glass is well enough ;
But, a troubled heart to cure,
Kind feelings to insure,
Give me a cheerful puff.

How oft a learn'd divine
His sermons will prepare,
Not by imbibing wine,
But, 'neath th' influence fine
Of a pipe of "baccy" rare !

How many a pleasing scene,
How many a happy joke,
How many a satire keen,
Or problem sharp, has been
Evolved or born of smoke !

How oft, amidst the jar
Of storms on ruin bent,
On shipboard, near or far,
To the drenched and shiv'ring tar
Tobacco's solace lent !

Oh ! tell me not 'tis bad,
Or that it shortens life.
Its charms can soothe the sad,
And make the wretched glad,
In trouble and in strife.

'Tis used in every clime,
By all men, high and low ;
It is praised in prose and rhyme,
And can but end with time ;
So let the kind herb grow !

'Tis a friend to the distress'd,
'Tis a comforter in need ;
It is social, soothing, blest ;
It has fragrance, force, and zest ;
Then hail the kingly weed !

THOSE ASHES.

UP to the frescoed ceiling
The smoke of my cigarette,
In a sinuous spray is reeling,
Forming flower and minaret.

What delicious landscape, floating
On perfumed wings, I see ;
Pale swans I am idly noting,
And queens robed in filagree.

I see such delicious faces
As ne'er man saw before,
And my fancy fondly chases
Sweet maids on a fairy shore.

Now to bits my air castle crashes,
 And those pictures I see no more ;
 My grandmother yells : " Them ashes—
 Don't drop them on the floor ! "

R. K. MUNKITTRICK,
 in the *U.S. Tobacco Journal* (1880).

A LAY OF ANCIENT LONDON.

[These old-time verses, picked up in his rambles by an antiquarian friend of ours, might actually have been suggested by a paragraph which appeared in the metropolitan daily papers of a recent date. We are afraid, indeed, that they were so, and that our contributor has been imposed upon, as was simple Mr. Pickwick with a so-called relic of antiquity. We have pointed out to our antiquarian friend certain anachronisms in the composition, but as he assures us of his entire belief in the genuineness of the *Lay*—which is coeval, he says, with Chaucer—we give it for what it is worth ; and, as the War Correspondents say—with all reserve. Thus ran the paragraph alluded to :—

"THE LORD MAYOR AND HIS DUTIES.—The Lord Mayor has done wisely in explaining the duties attached to the office he holds. 'Some people,' he said, 'fancied the Lord Mayor had nothing to do but to sit in his arm chair and sip turtle soup and smoke the very best tobacco. This, however, is all a popular delusion. The Lord Mayor during the year he holds office, works from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon, and signs a great number of documents daily.'"]

IT was ye Mayor of London towne,
 And thus hys lordshyp spoke :—
 " Lives there a Cockney nyncompoope
 " Who, lyke a stupidde moke,
 " Thinks I have naught toe doe, but ete
 " On turtle, and toe smoke ? "

“Turtle, indeede, is verrie goode ;
“‘Ye weede’ is goode, alsoe ;
“That is—let mee be understoode !—
“When itt IS goode, ye know.
“Toe ech I yern : ech bowle in turne ;
“And fast ther contents goe.”

“Ye gentilmen of Englonde !
“Who doe live at ese ; ye ne’er
“Think of ye long hours I doe wartch—
“From ten to fyve !—nor care
“What heavy dutys may devolve
“Upon your goode Lorde Mayor.”

“Why, there be documents toe sygn !
“Myne autograph must bee
“Attached to these—then, ese IS mine,
“And I may cheerfullie
“Myself resign toe fate benign,
“With turtle vis-a-vis.”

“This mightie Corporatione
“In itt’s wisdom seeth fitte
“Toe bee proude of its Lorde Mayor, and I,
“Why, I am proude of itte !
“We patronise ‘ye countrie,’
“Butte, we’re not stucke upp, a bit.”

“Ministers woo us ; proude toe taste
“Our venisoun and snipe.
“We joke and loff, and smoke, and quaffe
“Ye Burgundie soe ripe !
“And face the smoking turtle,
“And eek smoke ye fragrant pype.”

SYMPATHY IN AFFLICTION.

'T WAS on a lovely summer's eve,
 The sun sunk in the west,
 I walked forth from the bustling town
 In search of peace and rest.

What, after all, is life? thought I,
 'Tis nothing but a dream;
 Our fragile barks will soon be wrecked,
 While floating down life's stream.

As thus I mused, and onward walked,
 A young man I espied;
 His eyes, I saw, were filled with tears,
 And heavily he sighed.

His hand was pressed against his brow,
 His head bent to the wall;
 I spoke, but yet his pale, pale face
 He turned not at my call.

"Fair youth," I said, "excuse my words,
 And do not think me rude;
 Remember that our trials on earth
 Are sent us for our good.

"How wrong, then, thus to mourn and sigh,
 And hide your secret grief;
 Tell me the cause—perchance I may
 Have power to give relief."

“Kind friend,” in choking words he said,
“My grief shall not be hid ;
In coming up the road just now,
I swallowed all my quid.”

POLL SWEEDLEPIPF,
in The Dundee People's Journal.

THE SNUFFIE AULD MAN.

BY the cosie fire-side, or the sun-ends o' gavels,
The snuffie auld bodie is sure to be seen.
Tap, tappin' his snuff box, he snifters and
sneevils,
And smachers the snuff frae his mou' to his een.
Since tobacco cam' in, and the snuffin' began,
There hasna been seen sic a snuffie auld man.

His haurins are dozen'd, his een sair bedizzen'd,
And red round the lids as the gills o' a fish ;
His face is a' bladdit, his sark-breest a' smaddit—
As snuffie a picture as ony could wish.
He maks a mere merter o' a' thing he does,
Wi' snuff frae his fingers an' draps frae his nose.

And wow but his nose is a troublesome member—
Day and nicht, there's nae end to its snuffie desire ;
It's wide as the chimlie, it's red as an ember,
And has to be fed like a dry-whinnie fire.
It's a troublesome member, and gie's him nae peace,
Even sleepin', or eatin', or sayin' the grace.

The kirk is disturbed wi' his hauchin and sneezin',
 The dominie stoppit when leadin' the psalm ;
 The minister, deav'd out o' logic and reason,
 Pours gall in the lugs that are gapin' for balm.
 The auld folks look surly, the young chaps jocose,
 While the bodie himsel' is bambazed wi' his nose.

He scrimps the auld wife baith in garnal and caddy ;
 He snuffs what wad keep her in comfort and ease ;
Rapee, Lundyfitt, Prince's Mixture, and Taddy,
 She looks upon *them* as the warst o' her faes.
 And we'll ne'er see an end o' her Rooshian war
 While the auld carle's nose is upheld like a Czar.

ROBERT LEIGHTON, *Poems.*

“ A LEYLE BIT 'BACCA.”

IN THE CUMBERLAND DIALECT.

THIS world isn't much for to crack on,
 It's gay full o' worry and grief ;
 And there's nought leyke a leyle bit o' 'bacca,
 To give a chap's feelins relief.
 There's many that gans sair again it,
 But they divven't hauf ken what they're sayin',
 They should just smuik yea pipe o' guid twist,
 And they'd nivver speak ill on't agean.

But ase nobbet a farmer laddie,
 And a' divven't want mickle, not I,
 But plenty o' tatees and bacon,
 And a leyle bit 'bacca forby.
 A leyle bit 'bacca, a leyle bit 'bacca,
 Just a leyle bit 'bacca forby.

Ase nit a'together a fuil.

Though a' nowther can read nor can spell ;
But natur's a middlin' guid schuil

For a lad as 'll study her well.

Still natur's a daft kind o' jade,

And monie's the queer trick that she's dean ;
She'll put brains in a peer fellow's head,

And leave monie a rich un wid nean.

But ase nobbet a farmer laddie, &c.

From "*Annie of Eden Side*," a Drama, by
CHARLES VYNNE (1868).

WHILE TAKIN' A WIFT O' MY PIPE.

WHILE takin' a wift o' my pipe t'other neet,
A thowt trickled into my pate,

That sulkin' becose everything isn't sweet,

Is nobbut a foolish consate ;

Iv mon had been made for a bit of a spree,

An' th' world were a marlockin' schoo',

Wi' nought nobbut heytin' an' drinkin', an' glee,

An' haliday gam to go through,

He'd sicken afore

His frolic were o'er,

An' feel he'd bin born for a foo'.

Poor crayter, he's o' discontentment an' deawt,

Whatever his fortin may be ;

He's just like a chylt at goes cryin, abeawt,

"Eawr Johnny's moor traycle nor me ;"

One minute he's trouble't, next minute he's fain,

An' then, they're so blended i' one,

It's hard to tell whether he's laughin' through pain,

Or whether he's peawtin' for fun ;—

He stumbles, an' grumbles,

He struggles, an' juggles,—

He capers a bit,—an' he's gone.

It's wise to be humble i' prosperous ways,
 For trouble may chance to be nee ;
 It's wise for to struggle wi' sorrowful days
 Till sorrow breeds sensible glee ;
 He's rich that, contented with little, lives weel,
 An' nurses that little to moor ;
 He's well off 'at's rich, if he nobbut can feel
 He's brother to thoose that are poor ;
 An' to him 'at does fair,
 Though his livin' be bare,
 ve Some comfort shall ever be sure.

We'n nobbut a lifetime a-piece here below,
 An' th' lungest is very soon spent ;
 There's summat aboon measur's cuts for us o',
 An' th' most on 'em nobbut a fent ;
 Lung or short, rough or fine, little matter for that,
 We'n make th' best o'th' stuff till it's done,
 An' when it leets eawt to get rivven a bit,
 Let's darn it as weel as we con ;
 When th' order comes to us
 To doff these owd clooas,
 There'll surely be new uns to don.

From *Lancashire Songs*, by EDWIN WAUGH.

AN INTER-WHIFF.

HERE on my back on the bank I lie,
 With a pipe in my mouth, and watch the sky ;
 And well do I know, beyond a joke,
 That nature, like me, delights to smoke.
 The little zephyrs down here in the grass
 Puff at the weeds as they swiftly pass ;
 While the breeze of the ether is not too proud—
 Though almost too lazy—to blow a cloud.

Every bird has a pipe of its own,
And each has its "bird's eye" views, 'tis known.
The trees rejoice in a stem and bole,
For the King of the Forest's like old King Cole;
And the hedges as well the practice suits,
For they all of them boast their brier-roots.
Smoking, in short, is loved by all
The works of nature both great and small—
Down to the very small grub, to be brief,—
You'll find he is given to rolling a leaf.

So why shouldn't I—

As here I lie

On my back on the bank—all those defy
Who fain would the pleasant plant decry?

Fun.

THE SONG OF FIREWATER.

[This pathetic Indian rhapsody is founded upon a tradition, prevalent among the North American Indians, of the Peacemaker who is known among various tribes by the several names of Cognac, Juice of Hades, Tongue-scorcher, Bowel-burner, Corpse-reviver, and Firewater. In writing it I may be accused of imitation, but I must beg my readers to bear in mind that this conception is a long way after any fellow who has ever attempted a similar flight in blank verse.

Mr. Josiah Walker gives an account of the remarkable history of Firewater in his interesting and highly amusing work entitled "Soul-Inspiring Incidents in Camp Life," which volume includes his beautiful epic poem, "The Scalp I Left Behind Me;" followed shortly afterwards, it will be remembered, by the publication of that captivating novelette, "The Bald-Headed Buccaneer."

With this brief explanatory note we introduce the song:—]

SHOULD you ask me, whence this story ?
Whence this legend and tradition ?

I should answer, I should tell you,
" From the lips of Blow-me-tite-o ; ¹
Blow-me-tite-o, sweetest singer,
Singer of the mournful ditties ;
Teller of the strangest stories,
Stories of the warlike chieftains,
Chieftains warlike, chieftains peaceful ;
Chieftains from the lushy wigwams,
With their red and pimpled noses ;
With their war-paint on their noses,
With the odour of strong liquor ;
Chieftains of the bulky body,
Who have lived for many ages
On the flesh of Swine the grunt-o,
With the eggs of Chuck the poultry." ²

" In the vale of Drink-who-can-drink,
Watered by unsteady streamlets,
Lived the Ever-smiling People, ³
And amongst them Blow-me-tite-o—
He the singer and the smoker—
In his hospitable wigwam,
Which had writ above the doorway :
' Licensed for the sale of liquors.
' Open till the break of morning.
' Grape-juice coloured with the logwood,
' Turpentine with water weakened,
' Liquids of mysterious mixture
' Served up on the shortest notice.
' All can be had—for the paying.
' When the sun sets in the evening,
' Will be held a Free-and-Easy.'" ⁴

In the purple dusk of twilight
Gathered all the young and old men ;
Then would dreamy Blow-me-tite-o
Sing this song of Firewater :

I.

THE DISCOVERY OF SNEE-ZIN.

In the wild and trackless prairie,
In the land of Lose-mi-way-way,
On the sloping banks of Rum-rum,
River of the laughing water,
Underneath the spreading branches
Of the Please-o-hold-me-up-do, 5
Stood the wigwam of the hunter,
Of the hunter Firewater.

He of all men was the bravest
(For he never paid his taxes).
He of all men was the noblest
(For he never robbed his neighbour).
He of all men was the wisest
(He could brew his own strong liquor).
Possessed was he of strangest magic
(He could play with pea and thimble).
“Mighty Fisher!” said the people
(Compliments he often fished for).
“Swiftest runner!” said the young men
(He could fly when there was danger).
“Greatest sailor!” said the old men
(He could paddle half seas over).
“Finest shooter!” said the women,
And—he shot a heart angelic,
Heart of Indian maiden, Wed-o.
She he took unto his wigwam—
Present from her father, Pa-pa—
Made her Mrs. Firewater.

And there came a lovely daughter,
Fresh as dew upon the flowers,
Full of youthful effervescence;
So they called her Soda Water.

Came a son, an infant huntsman,
Cool, impassive child of nature—
So they called him Seltzer Water.

Once, upon the silken heather,
Looking o'er the bright green meadow,
Lay my listless Firewater,
Wondering what there was for dinner ;
Asking, "Was there flesh of bison?"
Asking, "Was there tail of can-can?"
Tail of Kangaroo, the can-can. 6

As in meditation turned he,
With his face unto the westward,
He espied a plant most verdant,
Rearing proudly blushing petals,
While its broad leaves flapped, delighted
With the warm breeze from the southward.
Little heeded he such beauty ;
Thoughts were centred on his stomach.

And the plant grew up unheeded,
Raising high its cap of rose-tint.
In the sultry days of summer,
The tinted cap, no longer needed,
Fell to earth, and there it withered.
Then the autumn came, and altered
Leaves from green to copper colour,
Drying all the life-blood in them.
The plant stood dying at the doorway,
At the doorway of the wigwam,
Mutely asking for a shelter
From the coming blasts of winter.

Home returning from the hunting
Came dejected Firewater.
Pouch and quiver both were empty ;
Bow unstrung—the cord was broken.

He was hungry, thirsty, weary,
Had no food to stop his hunger,
Had no fruit his lips to moisten.
Discontent was in his bosom,
War with every living creature.
In his wrath he crushed the daisy ;
Snapped asunder tender branches ;
Tore the plant, with sinewy fingers,
From its bed upon the meadow ;
From its death-bed at the doorway,
At the doorway of his wigwam.
But it sobbed out in its dying,
"Peace be with you, Firewater."
Then it crumbled in his fingers,
Turned to dust there as he held it ;
And the odour of its dying
Reached his wide inflated nostrils,
Wafted there by gentle zephyrs.

What has banished all his sorrow ?
What has made his face so cheerful ?
Can it be the last sweet blessing ?—
Yes ! it is the last sweet blessing
Of the plant as it was dying.
Ah ! a smile ; a look of pleasure ;
Dust is to his nose returning,
Again and yet again returning.
Discontent has now flown from him ;
Hunger now has died within him ;
War has ceased to rage within him.

Grateful was my Firewater
To this plant, which gave contentment.
Gathered he its copper ashes,
Placed them in a box of sea-shells,
Called the glorious plant To-bac-co,
Which means "Comfort to the weary."

The ashes of the dead To-bac-co
Called he Snee-zin, signifying
"Life from death," as it is written
In the tongue of What-u-choose-o. 7

II.

THE PEACE-PINCH.

SOON he sent his son and daughter
To the various Indian chieftains,
Called the tribes of men together.

Came the chieftains of the Pom-pus,
Dressed in all their showy war-gear;
Came the chieftains of the Noo-dles,
Noo-dles are a mighty nation;
Came the Snob-es and the Fop-es,
Nations very poor at fighting;
Came the Cads, and came the Spon-gers;
Came the See-dee and the Swell-dom;
Came the Old-pumps and the Young-sparks;
Came the Da-das and the Ma-mas; 8
In their hearts the feuds of ages.
There they stood drawn up together.

Then stepped forward Firewater;
At his touch their hate grew stronger.
But he led forth Soda Water,
Peaceful, charming Soda Water;
Who delivered to her father
Beauteous casket made of sea-shells,
Casket she had formed of sea-shells;
Touched the spring; the lid flew open!

Then, between his thumb and finger,
 Drew he forth the magic ashes,
 Ashes he had named as Snee-zin ;
 Smiled upon the gathered nations ;
 Placed his fingers to his nostrils.
 Breathed he then the peaceful perfume ;
 Went from chieftain on to chieftain,
 Giving each that peaceful perfume,
 Telling each the magic secret
 Of its growth and manufacture ;
 How to cultivate To-bac-co.
 There they buried all their hatchets,
 Dipped their fingers in the same box,
 Leaped into the river Rum-rum,
 Washed from off them all their war-paint,
 Rested, shaded by the branches
 Of the Please-o-hold-me-up-do ;
 Then departed, all contented,
 Bearing each a glorious Peace-Pinch.

NOTE 1.—*Blow-me-tite-o.*—The mention of this minstrel's name was found in an ancient Indian document, written upon the dried skin of some wild beast, by Pancho Panza, a member of the Christopher Columbus Excursion Party. The title of the singular document, being translated, is "Licensed Victuallers' Almanac." It is now in the British Museum.

NOTE 2 — *On the flesh of Swine the grunt-o,
 With the eggs of Chuck the poultry.*

Sir Chas. Dolt mentions, in his "Reminiscences of Foreign Feeding," that a particular Indian tribe was very partial to this diet, which somewhat resembled the ham and eggs of the present day.

NOTE 3.—*The Ever-smiling People.*—Catlin attributes the present American invitation to drink—"Will you smile?"—to this ancient race, who were of a singularly libatious temperament.

NOTE 4.—Pancho Panza, of the Excursion party above mentioned, brought back a sign-board with this quaint inscription painted upon it, on his return from the Voyage of Discovery. The sign is preserved at Madrid.

NOTE 5.—*The Please-o-hold-me-up-do.*—"This remarkable tree," says Catlin, "has a long, straight trunk of very hard wood, and much resembles, in outward appearance, our own lamp-posts. The tree is held sacred by the home-returning feast celebrators, who reverently embrace it."

NOTE 6.—*Tail of Can-can.*—The American traveller, Robinson, mentions kangaroo tail as a great luxury to epicurean Indians.

NOTE 7.—*In the tongue of what-you-choose-o.*—No authority can be given for this translation, only the author's honour. He is the sole living person who understands the singular and now obsolete tongue.

NOTE 8.—"These tribes now are, of course, all extinct."

WALKER.

TO A SHEET OF PAPER.

THOU virgin, white, unsullied sheet,
That liest on my table,
To write on thee a line that's meet
I feel I am not able ;

For, cream-laid sheet, thou liest there,
Reproachful in thy whiteness,
As though thou saidst I do not dare
To mar with ink thy brightness.

I've yet the final scene to write
Of my extravaganza ;
I cannot, though, on thee indite
A single silly stanza !

That story—"Lizzie and her Love"—
Is still without conclusion ;
Those verses on "A 'Jugla's' Glove"
An incomplete effusion.

My essay on "The Busy Bee"
Wants licking into fashion ;
My tragic ode "To Misery"
Might burn with much more passion.

I've all these things to do, and still
I look at thee and linger ;
I have not got the force of will
My goose-quill there to finger.

I'm lazy ! that's the simple truth ;
So, virgin sheet, I take thee,
And, longing for a smoke, forsooth,
A pipe-light I will make thee !

The London Figaro (1870).

A SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SONG.

"TOBACCO'S a Musician,
And in a pipe delighteth ;
It descends in a close,
Through the organs of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.

Chorus :

This makes me sing, soho, soho boyes,
Ho boyes sound I loudly
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed.
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases ;
When our braines it enters,
Our feet do make indentures,
While we seal with stamping paces.

Chorus.

Tobacco is a Physician,
Good both for sound and sickly ;
'Tis a hot perfume
That expels cold rheume,
And makes it flow down quickly.

Chorus.

Tobacco is a Traveller
Come from the Indies hither ;
It passed sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scaped the wind and weather.

Chorus.

Tobacco is a Critticke
That still old paper turneth ;
Whose labor and care
Is smoke in the aire,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.

Chorus.

Tobacco is an *ignis fatuus*,
A fat and fyrie vapoure,
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.

Chorus.

Tobacco is a Whyffler
That cries 'Huff Snuff,' with furie ;
His pipes, his club and linke ;
He's the wiser that does drink :
Thus armed I fear not a furie.

Chorus."

Techno-gamia, or the Marriage of the Arts—a comedy
by HOLIDAY (1618).

ON RECEIPT OF A RARE PIPE.

I LIFTED off the lid with anxious care,
 Removed the wrappages, stripe after stripe,
 And when the hidden contents were laid bare,
 My first remark was : " Mercy, what a pipe ! "

A pipe of symmetry that matched its size,
 Mounted with metal bright—a sight to see—
 With the rich umber hue that smokers prize,
 Attesting both its age and pedigree.

A pipe to make the royal Friedrich jealous,
 Or the great Teufelsdröckh with envy gripe !
 A man should hold some rank above his fellows
 To justify his smoking such a pipe !

What country gave it birth ? What blest of cities
 Saw it first kindle at the glowing coal ?
 What happy artist murmured "*Nunc dimittis*,"
 When he had fashioned this transcendent bowl ?

Has it been hoarded in a monarch's treasures ?
 Was it a gift of peace or price of war ?
 Did the great Khalif in his " House of Pleasures "
 Wager and lose it to the good Zaafer ?

It may have soothed mild Spenser's melancholy
 While musing o'er traditions of the past,
 Or graced the lips of brave Sir Walter Raleigh,
 Ere sage King Jamie blew his *Counterblast*.

Did it, safe hidden in some secret cavern,
 Escape that monarch's pipoclastic ken?
 Has Shakespeare smoked it at the Mermaid Tavern,
 Quaffing a cup of sack with rare old Ben?

Ay, Shakespeare might have watched his vast creations
 Loom through its smoke—the spectre-haunted Thane,
 The Sisters at their ghastly invocations,
 The jealous Moor and melancholy Dane.

'Round its orb'd haze and through its mazy ringlets,
 Titania may have led her elfin rout,
 Or Ariel fanned it with his gauzy winglets,
 Or Puck danced in the bowl to put it out.

Vain are all fancies—questions bring no answer;
 The smokers vanish, but the pipe remains;
 He were indeed a subtle necromancer,
 Could read their records in its cloudy stains.

Nor this alone: Its destiny may doom it
 To outlive e'en its use and history—
 Some ploughman of the future may exhume it
 From soil now deep beneath the eastern sea.

And, treasured by some antiquarian Stultus,
 It may to gaping visitors be shown,
 Labelled: "The symbol of some ancient Cultus,
 Conjecturally Phallic, but unknown."

Why do I thus recall the ancient quarrel
 'Twixt Man and Time, that marks all earthly things?
 Why labour to re-word the hackneyed moral,
 'Ὡς φῦλλον γενεή, as Homer sings?

For this: Some links we forge are never broken:
 Some feelings claim exemption from decay;
 And Love, of which this pipe was but the token,
 Shall last, though pipes and smokers pass away.

W. H. B. in the *New York Tobacco Leaf*.

OFFICE-SEEKING.

By ICHABOD BOGGS, *the new American Poet.*

I.

YOU see, everybody in our town was running
 around, getting fat jobs, and positions, and
 picking up a million or so,
 So I felt it incumbent on me
 To shake myself up and see if there wasn't a good
 butter firkin, well filled, loafing around idle, in
 which I could conveniently locate my centre of
 gravity, and so I said to myself, I'll go
 To Washington and see,
 Says Ichabod Boggs, says I.

II.

Now, don't you see, you might just as well ask for a
 big position at first, and then take what you can
 get,
 At least, that has been my rule so far,
 For, as I says to myself, if you can only get a very
 high position, with a sort of nabob's salary, and
 lots of perquisites running in annually, you need'nt
 do anything, you bet,
 But puff at your cigar,
 Says Ichabod Boggs, says I.

III.

So I put on my best clothes, and a sort of a big blue necktie, and shortly thereafter showed myself to Mr. Grant.

And said that there had been quite enough Of this giving away big offices to people who hadn't big reputations, and that he had other fish to fry, and that, as he wouldn't give the custom-house to my son, I'd take it myself, and then I stopped, and he looked—"I shan't."

But all he said was—puff!

Says General Grant, says he.

IV.

Then all the smoke got in my nose, and I sneezed and snorted a bit, and then I just simply remarked and said

That he needn't go and get into a huff,
And if he didn't like to give me that office, couldn't he make me Minister to England, as I was a big feeder; or, if that didn't suit, why, if he'd do it, I wouldn't object to being Minister to Cuba, when the Cubans had all been killed, and were thoroughly dead?

But all he said was—puff,

Says General Grant, says he.

V.

Well then, I got kind of discouraged, but I thought I'd try again, and not get up so far,

But ask for what he'd give beyond a doubt,
So I asked for a position as night watchman at the navy yard, and thought I'd get it, and he'd answer my request, for I'd noticed that his Havana was

gradually growing smaller, and he did answer me,
just as he'd thrown away the end of his cigar.

He simply says, "Get out!"

Says General Grant, says he.

VI.

So I got out, as fast as a pair of legs, with a number
twelve pair of boots kicking at the place where
they're joined, would permit;

And I wandered off, just about as far

As I conveniently could, and then I sat down on a
mile-stone and raised my voice to Heaven, and
cried aloud that, weather permitting, General
Grant should never, *never*, NEVER, go back to the
White House—not if I could help it,

To puff on his cigar,

Said Ichabod Boggs, said I.

Punchinello.

"YOU LOVE TOBACCO BETTER."

[In our contemporary the *San Francisco News Letter*, of August 18, 1877, appears a very pathetic little poem with the above title, by Anna Linden, "Respectfully Dedicated to that Popular Publication of Liverpool, entitled *Cope's Tobacco Plant*." In this poem the lady tells her lover, one Dick, that she must renounce him because he loves Tobacco also, and, as the jealous beauty insists, loves it even better than her—as if this were possible! That rogue HEINE had the impudence to inform one of his sweethearts who discarded him in an elaborate and beautifully-written letter, that this did not discourage him in the least, that one does not write with such finish when one would really sever—

“Man schreibt nicht so ausführlich
Wenn man den Abschied giebt.” *

So we hope in this case (for the verses are very carefully composed, nor is rhyme or rhythm at all distracted) that it is merely a little pet (we speak of the temper, not of the lady; she, of course, is one); and we think it extremely probable, if not, indeed, quite certain, that ere this our reply reaches her City of the Golden Gate, she and her Dick (Tobacco and all) will have passed through the Golden Gate of Marriage, joining rapturously in that sweetest of services, which in our English Church (as the philosophers have not failed to point out) begins with “Dearly beloved” and ends with “amazement.”

In the meanwhile, on behalf of our poor selves, profoundly flattered and delighted by the Dedication, and of our poor innocent brother smokers, including the said Dick, we commanded one of our countless bards (for their name, like that of some not more diabolical pests mentioned in the good book, is Legion) to draw up a most humble Remonstrance to the charming though severe Anna Linden; and this is how the poetical cuss has been and gone and done it, on three or four pipes and a pint of beer :—]

TO ANNA LINDEN.

O ANNA LINDEN ! how could you,
You dear Pacific beauty,
Make war upon us like a shrew,
And think such war a duty ?

What if your poor Dick smokes and sips,
Why should you find it painful,
And curl those pretty rosy lips
In manner so disdainful ?

* As HEINE'S poem (“Dichtungen,” B. II., S. 158, is very short, we subjoin a rude version of it by the poetical cuss undermentioned :—

“The letter you have written
Don't give me any fright;
You will no longer love me,—
But at what length you write !
“Twelve pages close and pretty,
A manuscript of art !
One does not write so fully
When one would really part.”

You say from manhood's highest type
That he must very far be.
Because he smokes a tranquil pipe—
Or it may a cigar be.

You own you love with pure desire,
But in your love must falter :
And yet the weed yields Love's own fire,
Rich incense on Love's altar

How can you fear the dreamy bliss
Of any mild Havannah
Would keep him from the balmier kiss
Of his devoted Anna ?

Or must he only breathe in sighs,
And only burn with passion,
And only kindle at your eyes ?
He's ready for this fashion.

How often has he mused on you
While whiffs rose softly wreathing !
And vowed : By yonder starry blue,
The dearest maiden breathing !

This incense burnt in all sweet bowers
Conserves their sweetest essence ;
*The myrtles and the orange-flowers
Are richer for its presence.*

Oh, in the land of wine and song,
From Bonn away to Minden,
From Rhine to Elbe, has flourished long
The happy Lovers' Linden.

Beneath its friendly shade they meet,
For kissing and for joking ;
Nor is their joy the less complete
That *he's* half-always smoking.

Then sweet green Linden, why with gloom
Frown down on ardent lovers?
The very sort of youngers whom
Your namesake kindly covers.

You have the bloom without the bark,
Altho' you come assuming
A certain ruggedness we mark,
In fuming against fuming.

This petty petulance, my pet,
Renounce, and not your true one,
For fear you should that horror get,
An anti-smoking new one.

Nor dally overlong and scold,
But take him as you find him,
Lest you should be when growing old
The Girl he left behind him.

You're close now by the Golden Gate,
I mean the Gate of Marriage;
There enter with your Dick elate,
And never more disparage.

The Weed more rich than all rich flowers,
The household hearth's sweet censer,
The soother of vexatious hours,
The placid peace-dispenser.

Thus hold him fast by holding free;
Don't let him *feel* the fetter;
And tho' he loves Tobacco, he
Won't love Tobacco better.

O, ANNA LINDEN, how could you,
You dear Pacific beauty,
Make war upon your lover true,
And deem such war a duty?

For *Cope's Tobacco Plant*,
By order, SIGVAT (James Thomson)

THE SMOKER'S PHILOSOPHY.

O H, 'tis very pleasant thus to sit and smoke ;
 Makes a peer of peasant, of sad life a joke.
 What are cares and troubles, what are hopes and
 fears ?
 Scarce so many bubbles—in a hundred years.

What your weight or worth then, who the deuce will care?
 What you did on earth then, who on earth you were ?
 Who the dickens nursed you? who for you shed tears?
 Who shed none, but cursed you—in a hundred years?

How time will ease one ! Gladstone will have then
 No more power to teaze one, or be teazed by Ben.
 Even John Bright's set, worms, and sweeps, and peers,
 Will be hail fellows, well met—in a hundred years.

Whigs with old Tories, Radicals (M.A.).
 Will dream no more of glories, and (perhaps) make
 decent clay ;
 Whilst of all who most disgust, or who raise our hopes
 or fears,
 Will remain a pinch of dust—in a hundred years.

Whether Bismark spurred you on his bloody way,
 Or your back demurred to "L' Empire c'est la paix,"
 Driver you or driven, sad or causing tears,
 Forgive, you'll be forgiven—in a hundred years.

'Twill be all the same, lad, if with drum and fife
 You've enjoyed a game, lad, or a quiet life,
 Used a spade or sabre, fed your friends or steers,
 You'll have ceased from labour—in a hundred years.

Still there will be flowers, lad, some fruit will be ripe ;
 True, 'twill not be ours, lad : smoke another pipe,
 Then off ourselves to bed, take ; pretty little dears,
 I warrant we've no headache—in a hundred years.

Poems and Songs by J. A. COLWYN (1873).

A 'FRISCO LYRIC—WHAT I SHOULD LIKE.

SHALL I tell you what I'd like to do?—
 I should like to be sitting with you
 On a quiet and private balcony,
 From 'Frisco's distractions afar,
 Just smoking a fragrant cigar
 With my dear little, nice little crony.

I should like you to let down your hair—
 'Tis so golden, so silky, so fair—
 And my fingers, I know, would go straying
 Thro' the threads of that intricate maze,
 'Tis the most fascinating of plays
 With a maiden's soft locks to be playing.

I should like, mind, a jolly full moon,
 Should like, too, an evening in June ;
 Say a moon and a night like the present,
 For spooning a soft summer night
 I hold a necessity quite,
 And spooning by moonlight most pleasant.

We'd forget, though the hours sped away,
That there was such a thing as the day,
Or business, or labour, or sorrow :
That's the notion we both of us like,
So, dearest, let's go out on a strike
'Gainst that old institution—to-morrow.

San Francisco News Letter (1872).

HYMN TO SAINT NICOTINE.

(ADAPTATION OF STANZAS BY OLIVER W. HOLMES).

STRANGE ! that this gently-breathèd cloud
Is far, far sweeter unto me
Than all that this green earth enshroud,
Or float above the sea.

My meerschaum, when thy mouth I greet,
No lady's lips seem half so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,
And naught but empty air I see ;
But when thy circling cloudlets rise,
It seemeth unto me

Ten thousand angels spread their wings
Within those little azure rings.

Tobacco hath the choicest leaf
That ever Western breeze hath fann'd ;
Its healing odour gives relief
To men of ev'ry land.

This precious herb to me doth yield
More joys than all the broider'd field.

O, comrade ! there be many things
That seem right fair—in truth or joke ;
But sure from none among them springs
A richer charm than smoke.

Let us not puff our pipes alone,
But join two altars both in one.

ARGENTUS.

SONNET ON TOBACCO.

[John George Grævius was one of the most distinguished scholars of the seventeenth century. Grævius is the Latinised form of Griffé, or Gräfe. Grævius was born at Nainburg, in Saxony, on the 29th January, 1632. He was appointed in 1661 Professor at Utrecht, where he died on the 11th January, 1703. His character was as estimable as his erudition was astonishing. Two kings, who were rivals and enemies—Louis XIV. and William III.—joined in doing him honour; and three Universities—Leyden, Heidelberg, and Padua—made him, but in vain, the most flattering offers and invitations. By his wife, Edile de Camp, he had eighteen children, four only of whom survived him. His library, consisting of five thousand printed and a hundred manuscript volumes, is now incorporated with the library of the Heidelberg University. Long ago there was a translation into German of his famous Sonnet on Tobacco; but, so far as we know, our own is the first translation into English. The flippant and cynical Heinrich Heine alludes to the sonnet in his “Pictures of Travel.”]

SWEETEST enchantment of my solitude,
 Companion glowing—Pipe—sublime delight;
 To my dull'd soul thou bringest clearest sight,
 To my sad heart a calm and happy mood.
 Tobacco! rapture of my mind, when I
 See, like the lightning, vanish in the air
 Thy smoke, I find an image striking rare
 Of my life's feebleness and brevity.
 With eloquence thou tellest unto me
 What I, alas! alas! must one day be—
 I, animated ashes—and I feel
 Confused, ashamed, that, running after smoke,
 I lose myself, like thee; thou dost evoke
 Regrets when most thou dost thy charms reveal.

From the French of GRÆVIUS.

TO THE VIRGINIAN LEAF.

THOU grateful leaf, soul-soothing friend
 While to my brain thy fumes ascend,
 Do thou thy inspiration lend,
 That I may sing
 What splendid thinkings have been penned,
 Borne on thy wing.

The noble Raleigh, who first bore
 The kindly opiate to our shore.
 Through thee loved dearly to explore
 The realms of thought;
 And on thy clouds with freedom soar,
 When chains his lot.

Shakespeare thy powers would doubtless know,
 And many a cloud would skyward blow,
 Causing his teeming brain to glow
 With grand conceit;
 Whose "airy nothings" finely show
 A form complete.

Milton oft felt thy soothing power
 Redeem the darkness of the hour,
 Making Imagination shower
 A rain of light;
 Gifting him with a heavenly dower
 Of "second sight."

Newton from thee drew thoughtful fire,
 When listening to the angelic choir,
 Chanting the wonders of their Sire,
 Hidden from man ;
 From lower cause divining higher,
 In God's great plan.

Then who dare 'gainst thy virtues rail ?
 May more and more thy power prevail !
 Unwise are those who dare assail
 Thee, friend in need.
 And doubly blest those who inhale
 Thee, fragrant weed.

The greatest good may turn to ill,
 When right and wrong lie with the will ;
 Though use may bless, abuse may kill :
 Let manhood ripe,
 With prudent moderation, fill
 The soothing pipe.

MAC, in *The Dominie* (1875).

MEERSCHAUM.

COME to me, O ! my meerschaum,
 For the vile street organs play ;
 And the torture they're inflicting
 Will vanish quite away.

I open my study window
 And into the twilight peer,
 And my anxious eyes are watching
 For the man with my evening beer.

In one hand is the shining pewter,
 All amber the ale doth glow ;
 In t'other are long "churchwardens,"
 As spotless and pure as snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us
Tobaccoless ?—Fearful bore !
We should dread the day after to-morrow
Worse than the day before.

As the elephant's trunk to the creature,
Is the pipe to the man, I trow ;
Useful and meditative
As the cud to the peaceful cow.

So to the world is smoking ;
Through that we feel, with bliss,
That, whatever worlds come after,
A jolly old world is this.

Come to me, O ! my meerschaum,
And whisper to me here,
If you like me better with coffee
Than grog, or the bitter beer.

Oh ! what are our biggest winnings,
If peaceful content we miss ?
Though fortune may give us an innings,
She seldom conveys us bliss.

You're better than all the fortunes
That ever were made or broke ;
For a penny will always fill you,
And buy me content with a smoke.

WRONGFELLOW.

AD NICOTINA.

" A constrain'd hyperbole "

LET others sing the praise of wine,
I'll tolerate no queen
But one fair nymph of spotless line—
The gentle Nicotine.

Her breath's as sweet as any flower's—
No matter where it BLOWS—
And makes this dull old world of ours
The colour of the rose.

There's not a pang but she can soothe,
Nor spell but she can break ;
And e'en the hardest lot can smooth,
And bid us courage take !
Fair Nicotine ! thou dost atone
For many an aching heart ;
And I, for one, will gladly own
The magic of thine art !

Ah ! "friendly traitress"—"loving foe,"
Forgive this loving lay ;
For I, thy worshipper, would show
The sweetness of thy sway !
"Sublime Tobacco !" may thy reign
Ne'er for one moment cease ;
For thou, "GREAT PLANT," art kin to *brain*,
And synonym for Peace !

E. H. S.

PICTURES IN SMOKE.

IN a rapt, dreamy quietude I sit
Leisurely puffing clouds from my cigar,
And down the sunbeams, with a noiseless tread,
A throng of elves come tripping from afar.
Half consciously the fairies I invoke
To paint me pictures in the tinted smoke.
Old scenes of boyhood's careless fun and sport ;
Faces of schoolmates, fresh and young and fair ;
Grim pedagogues with frowning front and brow ;
Long shining curls and braids of silken hair ;
White hands, red smarting 'neath the ferrule's stroke,
Or clasped in browner one's—pictured in smoke.

Familiar fireside scenes ; the light of home ;
The good-night kiss and trudging off to bed ;
The petty quarrels and the making up ;
The mother's soft hand resting on the head ;
The shadowy moonlight on a hillside oak ;
Quaint boyhood fancies—radiant in the smoke.

The first coquetting with the first boy love ;
The awkward gallantry of unripe years ;
The simple gifts ; the long walks after school ;
The slights that brought a gush of angry tears ;
The feuds and duels that such slights provoke—
How vividly they're painted in the smoke !

The first time leaving home ; the last good-by ;
The bitter pang of loneliness and pain ;
New cares and trials, real life begun ;
The first sore yearning to be young again,
When worn and weary 'neath toil's cumbrous yoke—
How true to life these pictures are in smoke !

I pray you, my good fairies, leave me now ;
You've brought the past to me with memories glad ;
The pictures vanish, but the trace is left—
The boy was happy but the man is sad.
No longer young and fond ! Time's ravens croak,
And youth has vanished with the fragrant smoke.

How life is like this vapour ! Calm-eyed Hope
In fairy guise paints it with pictures rare,
And while we gaze and stretch out eager hands,
Behold the phantoms vanish in the air !
Urged by a fate no pleading can revoke,
We grow old watching pictures in the smoke.

J. H. ELLIOT, in *The Arcadian* (1873).

A LOSS.

HOW hard a thing it is to part
 From those we love and cherish ;
 How deeply does it pain one's heart
 To know all things must perish !

And when a friend and comrade dear
 Is lost to us for ever,
 We feel how frail are all things here,
 Since e'en best friends must sever.

I, too, have lost a friend, who broke
 Its power when care was near me ;
 And troubles disappear'd in *smoke*
 When he was by to cheer me.

But as friends fall when valued most,
 Like fruit that over-ripe is,
 My loved companion I have lost—
 That friend my *meerschaum pipe* is !

Judy (1873).

THE PIPE THAT ONCE.

Air : " The Harp that Once."

[AFTER MOORE.]

THE pipe that once in Robert's mouth
 Its sickly odour shed,
 Now broken lies outside his house,
 And all its fire is dead :

So may all pipes with one consent,
Be pitch'd outside the door,
And halfpence that for 'Bacca went
Go that way nevermore.

No more, while drinking grog that's hot,
The pipe of Robert smells ;
The "topper" that remains in it
His reformation tells ;
And decent men now seldom smoke—
The only time they light
The weed is when, on sultry nights,
The Norfolk Howards bite.

P. C.

A SONG WITHOUT A NAME.

Air : "The Vicar of Bray."

'TWAS in Queen Bess's golden days
That smoking came in fashion ;
And from the Court it quickly spread
Throughout the English nation.
The courtiers first the lesson learnt,
And burn'd the fragrant treasure ;
And e'en the Queen herself, 'tis said,
Would sometimes share the pleasure.
But this is true, I will maintain—
And I am far from joking—
Of all the pleasures men have found,
There's none to equal smoking.

Then learned men and lawyers wise,
And grave divines, and doctors—
Found smoking help'd to clear the brain,
And puff'd away in flocks, sirs :

Then business men and humble clerks,
 And labourer and peasant,
 By smoking, care would drive away,
 And make this life more pleasant.
 For this is true, I will maintain—
 And I am far from joking—
 Of all the pleasures men have found,
 There's none to equal smoking.

And from those times we modern men
 Great glory do inherit,
 And wealth, and learning, and the strength
 Which makes the English spirit.
 We have no care, we fear no foe,
 We pass our lifetime gaily ;
 But little think how much we owe
 To great Sir Walter Raleigh.
 For this is true, I will maintain—
 And I am far from joking—
 Of all the pleasures men have found,
 There's none to equal smoking.

W. LLOYD.

WHAT I LIKE.

TO lie with half-closed eyes, as in a dream,
 Upon the grassy bank of some calm stream—
 And smoke.

To climb with daring feet some rugged rock,
 And sit aloft where gulls and curlews flock—
 And smoke.

To wander lonely on the ocean's brink,
 And of the good old times to muse and think—
 And smoke.

To hide me in some deep and woody glen,
Far from unhealthy haunts of sordid men—

And smoke.

To linger in some fairy-haunted vale,
While all about me falls the moonlight pale—

And smoke.

H.L.

A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

[Lovers of the fragrant weed, and admirers of cheery, flowing verses, with good sparkling music happily wedded thereto, will hail with real pleasure a new song entitled *A Pipe of Tobacco*, the words and melody of which are by Mr. John Usher, a gentleman well known in literary circles in North Britain. The song supplies a real want, long felt, and is assuredly destined to become popular. We shall not be surprised if ere long the melody is played and whistled in the streets; "than which" there is no truer proof of popularity.]

LET the toper regale in his tankard of ale,
Or with alcohol moisten his thrapple,
Only give me I pray, a good pipe of soft clay,
Nicely tapered and thin in the stapple;
And I shall puff, puff, let who will say enough,
No luxury else I'm in lack o',
No malice I hoard, 'gainst Queen, Prince, Duke, or
Lord,
While I pull at my pipe of Tobacco.

When I feel the hot strife of the battle of life,
And the prospect is aught but enticin',
Mayhap some real ill like a protested bill,
Dims the sunshine that tinged the horizon;
Only let me puff, puff—be they ever so rough,
All the sorrows of life I lose track o',
The mists disappear, and the vista is clear,
With a soothing mild pipe of Tobacco.

And when joy after pain, like the sun after rain,
 Stills the waters, long turbid and troubled,
 That life's current may flow, with a ruddier glow,
 And the sense of enjoyment be doubled—
 Oh! let me puff, puff, till I feel *quantum suff*,
 Such luxury still I'm in lack o',
 Be joy ever so sweet, it would be incomplete,
 Without a good pipe of Tobacco.

Should my recreant muse—sometimes apt to refuse
 The guidance of bit and of bridle,
 Still blankly demur, spite of whip and of spur,
 Unimpassioned, inconstant, or idle;
 Only let me puff, puff, till the brain cries enough,
 Such excitement is all I'm in lack o',
 And the poetic vein soon to fancy gives rein,
 Inspired by a pipe of Tobacco.

And when with one accord, round the jovial board,
 In friendship our bosoms are glowing;
 While with toast and with song we the evening pro-
 long,
 And with nectar the goblets are flowing;
 Still let us puff, puff—be life smooth, be it rough,
 Such enjoyment we're ever in lack o';
 The more peace and goodwill will abound as we fill
 A jolly good pipe of Tobacco.

“THE TRUE LEUCOTHÖË.”

“LET others praise the god of wine,
 Or Venus, love, and beauty's smile;
 I choose a theme not less divine,
 The plant that grows in Cuba's Isle.

“The old Greeks err’d who bound with bays
Apollo’s brow ; the verdant crown
He wore, when measuring their days,
Grew in the west where he went down.

“An idle tale they also told :
They said he gave them frankincense,
Borne by some tree he lov’d of old ;
If so, he gave a mere pretence.

“For the true offspring of his love—
Tobacco—grew far o’er the sea,
Where Leucothoë from above
Led him as honey leads the bee.

“Till on that plant he paus’d to gaze
Some moments ere he held his way,
And cheer her with his warmest rays,
Heedless of time or length of day.

“Then, with a sigh, his brows he wreath’d
With leaves that care and toil beguile,
And bless’d, as their perfume he breath’d,
The plant that grows in Cuba’s Isle.”

DISENGAGED.

“**L**OVE rules the camp, the court, the grove,”
So sang a poet in accents fine
And mood ecstatic ;
As if he aught could know of love,
Who writes fine verses, line on line,
In some dim attic.
Alas ! I know, and sadly am enraged,
As you would be, to know you’re disengaged.

It seems I've given great offence
To her I hoped to call my bride
This coming summer.
Apologise! Such recompense
I fain would make, but am denied.
Some glad new-comer,
Who doesn't smoke, may win her while enraged.
I try to smile, and say, "I'm disengaged."

Cigar in mouth, one day last week,
I ventured in the parlour bright,
Where she sat tatting.
She started, flush'd, and tried to speak,
Then cried, "At once, sir, quit my sight,
Nor stand there chatting.
Disgusting creature! I'm so enraged.
Consider, sir, that we are disengaged!"

Yet, after all, what should I care?
My heart is light, and full of glee.
Let me remember—
The Thompsons, down in Gresham Square,
Ask'd me to supper. Let me see—
'Twas last September.
No matter when, I'll go; still, I'm enraged.
I wonder if they've heard I'm disengaged.

With mock politeness, they may greet
Their "dear old friend," long lost to sight,
But not forgotten;
May tease me with old memories sweet,
Prate of affection pure and bright;
O, world so rotten!
Why should they do this, making me enraged
To learn they, too, know that I'm disengaged?

Well, never mind, friend pipe, friend pen ;
I'll write some lines in cynic style,
Go sneering proudly,
And say the greatest fools are men
Whom hollow-hearted maids beguile.
Yet, not so loudly.
I can't deny that I was much enraged,
The night she said " Sir, we are disengaged."

Sometimes, I almost wish to make
Amends for whate'er wrong I've done.
(How I'm retracting !)
Admit I made a great mistake,
Or say I merely smoked for fun ;
But now I'm acting.
Shun rare Tobacco for a maid enraged ?
Fanatic fair, I'm glad we're disengaged !

Wide is the world ; perchance some day
May bring the blessing which I seek—
Some simple maiden,
With cheeks just like the bloom of May,
And eyes that look and fondly speak,
And heart love-laden,
Who'll light my pipe and *never* be enraged.
Content I'll wait. Hurrah ! I'm disengaged.

So let me write in merry mood ;
What's this ? A note not seen before ?
By Jove ! from Carrie.
" I am so grieved . . . I was so rude . . .
Smoke *when you like*—I'll say no more ;
When shall we marry ?"
What rare strange news ! Now I am not enraged.
Kind friends, take note ; I am *not* disengaged.

J. M. H.

A VALENTINE.

WHAT'S my love's name? Guess her name.
Nina? No.

Alina? No.

It does end with "ina," though.

Guess again, Christina? No.

Guess again, Georgina? No.

Once more, Wilhelmina? No.

She reciprocates my flame:

Cheers me wheresoe'er I go,

Never forward, never coy,

She is evermore my joy,

Oh! the rapture—Oh! the bliss,

When I meet my darling's kiss.

Oh! I love her form to greet,

Oh! her breath is passing sweet.

Who could help but love her so?

Nicotina, mistress mine;

Thou shalt be my Valentine.

A PIPE OF LATAKIA.

UP from my amber-coloured bowl,
In spiral cloudlets softly stealing,
The wreaths of fragrant vapour roll
To blacken all my humble ceiling.

A lonely mortal, sure, am I—
Nor dog, nor cat, nor yet a wife ;
Moneyless, melancholy, shy—
My pipe the solace of my life.

The blissful fields threw wide their port
To wearied man, sweet Master Raleigh !
When first you found the weed immortal
In some Virginian valley.

A dreamy, soft, delicious langour
My senses steep—fade far away.
The world's rude noise, its angry clangour,
The jars and worries of the day.

And as I watch the smoke-clouds rise,
Old thoughts come crowding through my brain ;
I weave the fairest phantasies,
And dream my day-dreams o'er again.

A spirit of philosophy
A pipe may teach, and quiet patience ;
For in the fading smoke I see
A symbol of man's aspirations.

'Twas thus those castle-towers in Spain
(How skilfully I used to build them !)
Vanished in thinnest air again
With all the fairy folk that filled them.

With what detail in those old days
I piled them, storey upon storey ;
How smooth and straight I cut the ways
That were to lead to fame and glory.

The vapours curl, and in the cloud
That trembles in the fire's red light
I see old faces press and crowd ;
A world of dreams is mine to-night.

One face stands out distinct and clear—

Those sweet eyes! once how dear I thought them;
For me, indeed, they proved too dear—
Broad lands and broader guineas bought them.

'Twas better so, I've not a doubt,
My memory's blunted—may she thrive;
They say she's grown absurdly stout,
She must be fully thirty-five.

Time is a gentle god, and sure,
The old Greek said—I bear no malice—
A portly wife could I endure?
They used to call her Fairy Alice.

We'd probably have disagreed,
And caused each other much vexation—
Sour grapes are sometimes friends at need—
My pipe supplies this consolation.

Bless thee, Tobacco! Plant divine!
Kind handmaid to serene reflection;
Thou precious, peerless anodyne
Of worry, ennui, and dejection.

Dull hearts may ban thee for a charm
That lures to moral tribulation;
Thou ne'er did'st saint or sinner harm
Smoked with a pipe—and moderation.

R.R.

in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* (1889).

THE AULD MAN AN' THE AULD WIFE.

IN the Ingle neuk the Auld Man sat;
In the ingle bleeze bask'd the dog an' the cat;
On the ither side the Auld Wife span,
Whiles glintin' wi' joy at her Auld Guidman.

The Auld Man chatted, and the Auld Man joked,
An' puff, puff, puff, the Auld Man smoked ;
An' half wi' a smile, an' half wi' a sigh,
His stories he tauld o' the days gane by.

His heart rush'd back to the auld langsyne,
When youth had its hopes an' its pleasures divine ;
His friends an' his bairnies were a' in the grave ;
He mourn'd for the dead, but was cheefu' an' brave.

He didna pretend to be "holy an' wise,"
Or earth and earth's sweetest delights to despise ;
But valiant he battled and valiant he bore,
An' aye was resign'd when the burden was sore.

The wee bit o' land that he delved was his ain,
Unco hard was his labour an' sma' was his gain ;
Yet he was contented an' thocht himsel' rich,
As he clippit a hedge or dug in a ditch.

In her sneeshin' the Auld Wife fand comfort an' cheer
When she hadna her sneeshin' she felt unco queer :
Her sneeshin' was mair than her drink an' her meat,
What was bitter or sour was by sneeshin' made sweet.

Silly bodies called total abstainers cam' in
To the house of the auld folks an' made a great din ;
They said that to smoke or to snuff was a crime,
But that for repentance there still micht be time.

A' the answer the Auld Man wud gi'e to the sumphs
Were the puffs o' his pipe an' guffawins an' grumphs ;
He thocht it was folly to argue wi' fules,
An' that ignorant blockheads should gang to the schules.

The Auld Wife dina speak, but her sneeshin' she took
Wi' a desperate han' an' a furious look ;
Her nose like a trumpet o' battle she blew,
Syne rush'd in her wrath at the teetotal crew.

Wild ragin' the cat an' the dog join'd the fray,
 An' soon the Reformers got oot o' the way;
 Their legs were a' bluidy, their breeks were a' torn,
 Their faces show'd marks o' an Auld Woman's scorn.

Sittin' still, the Auld Man watch'd the combat wi'
 glee—

His wife was a far better fechter than he;
 There's nae weapon o' war like an Auld Woman's
 nails

When a bigot demented her sneeshin' assails.

Mair than ever the Auld Wife in sneeshin' has pride,
 Mair than ever her man smokes an' jokes by her side;
 An' when they ha'e had o' Tobacco their fill,
 They see nae great harm in a drap o' het yill.

AN ENGLISH SMOKER IN PARIS, IN 1871.

VIVE la Commune!" cried the people:
 How I wish'd their din they'd cease!
 Order reigns now, for they're smoking—
 That's the surest sign of peace.

"Vive la Commune!" I am crying,
 Like those French half-frenzied jokers;
 But *my* Commune is the peaceful,
 Calm community of Smokers.

"GOOD WORTS! GOOD CABBAGE!"

I SMOKED my lettuce-plants at morn,
 At fervid noon, and dewy eve;
 Not as Tobacco—that I'd scorn!
 But to make creeping creatures leave.
 Taking *my* leaves, and not their own,
 Two fat old grubs appear'd to say,
 Whilst preying on my lettuce, prone,
 Grace over meat—thus, "Lettuce prey!"

THE PIPES OF ENGLAND.

H'M—" *The Homes of England.*"

THE stately pipes of England,
 How beautiful they be,
 With amber lips and and meerschaum
 bowls—

Such pipes are not for me!
 With scented Latakia they burn,
 And golden crowns they wear;
 And the smoke steals from the scented urn—
 Like summer's perfumed air.

The merry pipes of England,
 Amid the joke and jest,
 With gladsome glasses of hot grog,
 Are found then at their best.
 The smoker's eye is seen to wink,
 As many a tale is told;
 Or lips ope cheerfully to drink
 The glorious ale of old.

The cottage pipes of England—
 By thousands made of clay—
 All snowy in their wooden box,
 How beautiful are they!
 From ruddy lips they outward poke,
 As white as wool, or lard;
 And the lowly do a cheerful smoke,
 When times are not too hard.

The free, fair pipes of England—
 Live long in hall and hut;
 Though Reynard—Reynolds, sure, I mean—
 On them would plant his "fut;"
 And sweet for ever be their lips,
 And scented be their bowls;
 And may no humbug e'er eclipse
 The solace of our souls!

H. L.

THE HAPPY SMOKING GROUND.

WHEN that last pipe is smoked at last,
 And pouch and pipe put by,
 And Smoked and Smoker both alike
 In dust and ashes lie ;

What of the Smoker? Whither passed?

Ah, will he smoke no more,
 And will there be no Golden Cloud
 Upon the Golden Shore?

Ah, who shall say! we cry in vain
 To Fate upon his hill,

For, howsoe'er we ask and ask,
 He goes on smoking still.

But, surely, 'twere a bitter thing
 If other men pursue

Their various earthly joys again
 Beyond that distant blue,

If the poor Smoker might not ply
 His peaceful passion too.

If Indian braves may still up there
 On merry scalpings go,

And buried Britons rise again
 With arrow and with bow ;

May not the Smoker hope to take
 His "cutty" from below?

So let us trust, and when at length
 You lay me 'neath the yew,
 Forget not, O my friends, I pray,
 Pipes and tobacco too.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

WHY WOMEN HATE THE WEED.

(A New Zealand myth, for acquaintance with which we are indebted to Mr. Andrew Lang's *Ballades in Blue China*).

ONCE on a time, long, long ago, says an old legend, when there was yet no need of Ladies' Pictorials, because there were no ladies, the restless heart of man, that never knows when he is well off, awoke one morning with a great sense of loneliness in the world. It was not that he had lost anything. He had been accustomed from the beginning to sleep solitary in his wigwam, and to catch and cook his own breakfast, and there was nothing new in his doing that. It was not a loss he mourned, it was a need he craved, a need which, with his limited vocabulary, he could hardly express ; but as the great sunrise mounted up behind the steaming woods and meadows and the air rang blithe with dewy echoes, he began to understand. He was hardly a poet one may suppose, despite the solar mythologists, but the sunlight seemed in some vague way a good thing to him, and his ear had learnt to wait for an echo. Yet each had an alien touch in them that depressed his masculine mind, already developing that hunger which he knew not yet to name egoism. They took no notice of him howsoever he wooed them. He could not have them all to himself. The sun defied all his efforts at capture, and echo was ever too nimble for him. So his dim craving, as he sat forgetful of his breakfast, was for some being that would be as bright as yonder sun, but less mighty, sweet-voiced as echo, but less inaccessible, and most of all, a being to call his own, to hold in his arms, to look at and listen to (or not listen to) at his pleasure. In

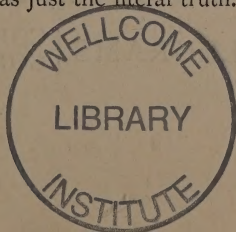
fact, he was beginning to feel the weight of bachelorhood. So after fruitful musing he bethought him to pray to the dark beings whom now and again he had dimly seen moving within the secresies of the woods, and oftentimes trembled at the anger thereof in wind and thunder, the same who had given him fire for a prayer. So, all unknowing what he asked, he prayed and waited. And lo! as he awoke again from sleep next morning, he was aware of a strange new warmth by his side, and looking up—what wonderful loving lights were those that answered to his eyes, and what a laugh as of a flutter of bird notes charmed his ear! The gods had heard him, and as in a later day for prayer they gave Israel a king, and the frogs a stork to reign over them, so had they given him woman for his prayer. Nature's spoiled child had cried for the moon and it had been given him, and he stopped crying—for a little while. Surely every man that is wed of a woman knows the sequel. For a time they were inseparable, the time of wild honey. But without knowing *The Egoist*, man began to find that though "possession without obligation to the object possessed approaches felicity," it was a felicity hard to approach, and how wrongly he had calculated when he had deemed that he might enjoy the dear creature "all for nothing." Let us not lift the Caudle curtain with sacrilegious hand. Suffice it that there came a time when both began to cherish yearnings which being interpreted meant—Divorce Court. Woman was demonstrative, man melancholy and given to lonely walks in the woods—ah, the same where they had gathered hazel nuts, and fondled the young of the wild goat (otherwise, the kid) together. He would sit him down on mossy stones and whimper aloud of "The woman which you gave unto me." But one day Nature heard him, and pity moved her soft foolish old bosom. "Diddums! and is he so unhappy," she said. "So unhappy, mother," he replied, and he fairly wept. "Never mind," answered the venerable mother, "we will make it

up for you. Go home and quietly wait and see what will happen." So he went, and after passing a night so different from those long peaceful nights of old, a "very disturbed" night, as we would say, he awoke weary, and rising sulkily went into the forest. And lo! dancing before him another of the creatures. But ah, she was fair and sweet and kind—so had the other seemed a year ago, but who profits by experience?—so he embraced her, and they sought a distant covert where they might hide and eat honey together, and man knew the first happy day he had known for months.

But as night approached, she told him with tears that they must part for ever, for she must die, for that only had she been created—"Yet sorrow not overmuch," continued she, "for from my grave a wondrous herb shall spring, from the leaves of which shall come the healing of the nations. For when you shall burn them with fire an exceeding grateful vapour shall arise therefrom, blue as my eyes and sweet as my breath—for you named them blue and sweet—which being drawn into thy heart shall cause thee to forget all trouble and sorrow that may ever come upon thee."

So saying she died and man buried her, and watched secretly over her grave many days, till all was fulfilled as was spoken. The fair herb grew, the sun dried its leaves, the fire burned it, and indeed the healing breath was there. So it came that man no longer feared woman, for from that time forth he could always, like Æneas, escape into his cloud. And he named the herb *Nicotia*, for, said he—"Hæc otia."

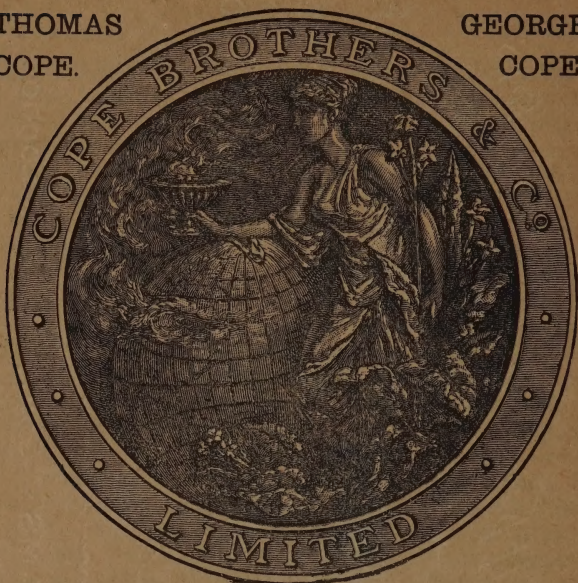
In which authentic story is not woman's jealousy of the weed once and for ever explained? and it should be added that one day discovering her lord mourning over that fragrant grave, she had torn the poor weed by handfuls and scattered it abroad, for, said she, "Something told her that a woman was at the bottom of it," which, as we have seen, was just the literal truth.



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